

PAY HONOR TO QUEEN

(Continued from First Page.)

vice at St. George's chapel was brief, but beautiful. The choral service had formed a fitting culmination to the martial parades. The trembling voice of the archbishop of Canterbury, who is almost blind, had scarcely ended the final benediction before he turned to go up the altar steps. His sight and strength failed him and he tottered, groped and was on the point of falling when the archbishop of York, who had been standing some distance behind him, advanced and caught his hand and gently led the venerable prelate to the holy table. Then they both knelt, the greatest dignitaries of England's church, next in rank to the royal blood, their heads bowed under the purple altar cloth.

While the archbishops prayed and the bishops and clergy reverently kept their knees, the king and Emperor William, followed by three other kings, walked almost hurriedly up to the altar rails and out into the castle by a private exit. The royal entourage followed mechanically and noisily through the corridors and a battery of machine guns and rifles pointed up the chancel. Against this hurrying throng the holy and kneeling figures within the holy enclosure stood out in contrast. Still, the archbishop prayed and still the royal entourage sought an outlet by which they might gain the Waterloo chamber, in which the long-delayed luncheon had been laid. Almost touching the coffin they started. Ambassador Choate shook hands with another ambassador. Then the stream turned, for orders came for the suites and ambassadors to go out by another door. The returning throng met those coming up almost at the coffin, well-nigh causing a melee. Finally they reached the altar door and the body of the queen was left alone before the altar, save for the stern figures of her gentleman-at-arms, with halberds in hand, guarding the remains, as the bodies of Edward VII, Charles I and Henry VIII were guarded in the same chapel by positions in scarlet jackets, with only a narrow band of crepe on their arms as a mark of the great change. The carriages were closed.

TRIBUTE OF ALL CLASSES

Evidence of Genuine Grief Visible Everywhere Along the Route.

PORTSMOUTH, Feb. 2.—Before 4 o'clock this morning the remains of the queen were taken from the royal yacht Alberta to a special carriage and conveyed to the king's train, which started for London at 8:53 a. m. amid the boom of the guns from the fort. The scene was pathetic and imposing. The king, accompanied by Queen Alexandra and some princesses, who passed the night on board the royal yacht Victoria and the other members of the royal family, were in a steam launch. King Edward boarded the yacht at 4:55, five minutes after Emperor William had steamed alongside the Alberta from the Holmsholmen. The guard of honor on the jetty consisted of several hundred marines and bluejackets. The commanders of the war ships which took part in yesterday's pageant had already assembled under the covered walkway leading from the yacht to the railroad station. There was a short service on the yacht before the body was removed to the duke of Connaught, the crown prince of Germany, Prince Arthur of Connaught of Prussia, the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the princess of Battenberg being present. The only black visible was in the dresses of the princesses. The firing of minute guns marked the passage of the coffin to the draped railroad station, to which it was borne shoulder high by petty officers of the royal yacht, preceded by a clergyman. Immediately behind the coffin were carried the crown, globe, standard and a few choice wreaths. King Edward, Emperor William, the duke of Connaught and the crown prince followed the remains and then came the women of the royal family and the admirals. The progress of this mournful procession was marked by the firing of the guns and by the strains of the march. The wind-driven rain was falling in torrents. The coffin was placed on the dais and Admiral Sir Nevill Salmon, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Emperor William and the other members of the royal family took their seats and the train moved off.

Ceremonies at London.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—With every splendor and pomp befitting the obsequies of so mighty and well-beloved a monarch, all that is mortal of Queen Victoria has been borne through the streets of the capital and started toward the ancient forenoon palace at England. The solemn magnificence of yesterday's beginning was maintained today. Perhaps the stately grandeur of today's sorrowful pageant through the swarming streets of London, with hundreds of thousands of mourners forming a black border to the route, will never be surpassed. There was in Victoria's funeral procession an absence of that black ceremonial generally connected with the final progress to the grave. Today the coffin was drawn by cream-colored horses. The pall was white and the uniforms of the troops and the gold trappings of the foreign sovereigns gave

Feeds the Hair

Have you ever thought why your hair is falling out? It is because you are starving your hair. If this starvation continues, your hair will continue to fall. There is one good hair food. It is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It goes right to the roots of the hair and gives them just the food they need. The hair stops falling, becomes healthy, and grows thick and long. Ayer's Hair Vigor does another thing, also; it always restores color to faded or gray hair. One dollar a bottle.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us 50 cents and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your exact address. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Send for our handsome book on The Hair.

brilliant coloring to the scene. The chief mourner himself, with his field marshal uniform, even though this was partially hidden by his overcoat, surrounded by his corps, helped to lighten the symbols of mourning marking the route. Never in English history has a sovereign been borne to the grave attended by so many distinguished mourners. The gathering of crowned heads surpassed those which have marked the funeral processions of all the great officers of state participated. The display of the naval and military forces reached the great total of 25,000 men.

Brilliant and Impressive.

The scene at Victoria station from early morning was most brilliant and impressive. For today's ceremonies the station was transformed into an immense reception hall. All the trains were stopped before the long platforms, which were covered with purple cloth. On a long platform, facing that at which the queen's train was to arrive, the royal family and the other distinguished personages and a number of little purple-covered platforms, from which members of the royal party were expected to mount their horses, were placed at intervals at the side and center. At 10 o'clock an army of grooms with the horses arrived and thenceforward distinguished British naval and military officers and foreign royalties, in dazzling uniforms, came in quick succession. The lord chamberlain and his officers, marshaled, with their white waists of office, received the most distinguished personages and conducted them to a little pavilion erected on the platform. The whole station by that time resembled the scene at a levee.

The queen's carriage, a magnificent brown mare, carrying his field marshal's baton, at this juncture trotted into the station and became the center of interest. He was soon followed by the earl marshal, the duke of Devonshire, the duke of Cambridge and other distinguished officers. Then came the carriage for the queen and the princesses. They were the state carriages used on the occasion of the queen's jubilee, with beautiful gold-mounted harness and trappings. The horses were ridden by positions in scarlet jackets, with only a narrow band of crepe on their arms as a mark of the great change. The carriages were closed.

Some Noteworthy Features.

The procession, apart from the gun carriage bearing the coffin and the royal family and officials, was not so imposing as the funeral of King George VI. The military and the commercial bodies were not represented. Royalty, the army and navy monopolized the pageant. Three thousand soldiers and sailors, picked companies, representing all the arms of the service, including the infantry, yeomanry, militia, volunteers and colonials—formed the advance escort. They marched slowly and without music. Most of the uniforms were covered with dark crepe and the standards were draped with black. The officers wearing bands of crepe on their sleeves. The infantry marched in columns of four with rifles reversed. They were half an hour in passing. Then came Field Marshal Earl Roberts and his staff, followed by the four masses bands playing funeral marches. The band of musicians announced the coming of the body of the queen. There was a long array of court officials, under the leadership of the duke of Norfolk (the earl marshal), all in full uniform, and a number of other dignitaries, most of them elderly men who for years had served the royal lady for whom they were performing the last offices.

Coffin Adornments.

On the foot of the coffin were two smaller crowns, with a gold-jeweled scepter lying between them. The eight horses which drew the gun carriage were almost concealed beneath their harnesses. A large bow of purple was attached to the coffin. This was the only symbol of mourning. Around the coffin walked the staff-walkers, non-commissioned officers from the guards and household cavalry, and on either side were the queen's equestrians, in waiting and physicians. All the uniforms were covered with long, dark cloths. The spectacle was so quickly past that the spectators hardly realized it or had time to bare their heads or comprehend the details, when a group of magnificently attired horsemen, with sparkling helmets and coats, mounted on beautiful chargers, was before them. Immediately after the company about the coffin three royal mourners rode abreast. King Edward II was the central figure of the three, but no less conspicuous personage was seen in the procession. A black chaplain, with a plume of white feathers, was on his head and a long black cloak was buttoned around him and hung down over the coffin, his hands which he held in prayer. The king's familiar face seemed grave and careworn. He looked straight ahead, apparently at the gun carriage on which was the body of the sovereign whose glory and responsibilities he had inherited. He did not look at the coffin, which he knew or thought of the world about him, and the sentiment his presence inspired was only sympathy and pity. The people seemed to see in the king one of themselves and the deep murmurs which arose here and there carried a note of sorrow and love almost as deep as the expressions which greeted the passage of the coffin of their queen.

At Final Resting Place.

At Windsor, Feb. 2.—Following the carriage and preceded by an officer, came an obsequious crowd of mourners in the anticipated through instinctively came to the salute and every head was bared. It was the little black-colored gun carriage which was to carry Queen Victoria's remains from Victoria station. The eight Hanoverian cream-colored horses, which also drew the queen on the occasion of the jubilee, were used today. The gold harness, scarlet-coated postillions and scarlet and gold-colored grooms who held the horses by the bridle were all the same. Only the little gun carriage, instead of the glittering glass and gold coach, marked the change. With the exception that rubber tires were on the wheels, the gun carriage was as if in actual use. The place for the coffin to rest was marked by a white cloth. It was then nearly 11 o'clock when, amid cries of "God save the queen," the "Grand duke of

Portugal's horse," as the princes mounted, the train steamed into the station a minute ahead of time.

All heads were uncovered as the saloon carriage bearing the queen's remains stopped exactly opposite the gun carriage, and King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Emperor William and others alighted. Then the bearer party advanced to the saloon carriage and, with his hand at the salute and standing a little in advance of the others, King Edward watched the painful slow removal of the coffin to the gun carriage. It was finally accomplished and the pall and the regalia of the British crown were placed on the coffin.

The king and the others with him then mounted and the procession started. By noon many notables in full uniform had arrived and the streets were jammed. The scarlet cloaks of the life guards, the bushes of the grenadiers and the infantry lined the streets thickly. The courtyard of the castle was filled with privileged spectators. Exquisite wreaths were placed outside the chapel walls and almost covered the steps, up which the coffin was brought. The people in gorgeous uniforms and in deep black were taking up their places, pages wearing the dress of the George III period with big lace ruffles, broad red coats and white breeches and stockings, fitted here and there, and the court attendants in black and gold were moving about.

St. George's chapel was a magnificent sight and divided attention with the officials and college of heralds, gorgeous in quaint mantles, tabards and insignia and the military bands, who were playing "Carrying the halberds aloft." There was a slight delay during the morning which served to discourage somewhat the waiting crowds, who had taken their places in the stands, prepared for a long wait. The troops and police poured in steadily, filling the courtyard and guarding the station. Mild excitement was aroused in the crowd when the beef eaters from the tower of London arrived and entered the castle. The officers in gay court uniform and the life guards in their flowing plumes galloped through the streets.

Woman Expires in Street.

One well-dressed woman fell down in the street and was picked up dead, the excitement having killed her before she had the opportunity to see the pageant.

The great seat windows of St. George's chapel with their faint stained figures threw a soft light over the burial and the place of kings. Before each canopy shined the waxen taper that burns when knights of the Garter worship there. Above their heads, resting upon the carved sables of the stalls, were the special insignia of each knight, while hanging over this were the motionless banners bearing the strange devices of the members of the most powerful order. On each side of the chancel flamed two rows of candles. In somber contrast with these two rows of light and color sat the long lines of princesses and ladies in waiting, making a foreground of deepest black. On the altar two tapers burned and within the rail on each side stood two large candelabra. On the chancel only a few files and the most delicate green ferns were left as decorations. There was no crepe anywhere.

Lord Salisbury in Simple Dress.

Among the early arrivals were ministers and ex-ministers in full state uniform. All the members of the cabinet took their seats in a row, Lord Salisbury following, wearing a velvet skull cap and wrapped in an ordinary black overcoat. When this was taken off he revealed a plain and simple dress. The ladies in waiting, veiled as the princesses were, took their seats on a long bench below the stalls.

The first member of the diplomatic corps to arrive was the Turkish ambassador. Long before the coffin was lifted the nave was packed. Lord Rosebery came in about 1:15. The members of the diplomatic corps occupied nearly two entire rows of stalls on the right of the chancel. The most notable, by reason of his brilliant robe, was the Chinese minister.

Cheers for Lord Roberts.

Ten minutes after the coffin appeared the funeral procession had passed and the music of the dirges drifted back across St. James park. After the funeral party itself, the dominating figure of the day was Field Marshal Earl Roberts. When his well-known bronzed countenance view the people forgot the solemnity of the occasion and broke into cheers, also shouting "Bobs" and other expressions of familiar approval. The military attaches of all the embassies and legations were with Lord Roberts' staff, in the front rank rode the American attaché, Major Edward B. Cassin, in an infantry officer's full dress. The funeral procession occupied two hours in passing. From Victoria station to Paddington, a distance of three miles, the decorations everywhere were impressive and elaborate. Purple draperies, hung with green and white, predominated. Flags were on most of the buildings.

Somber Hue Predominates.

The really impressive exhibition of mourning was the black clothing worn by practically all the people, who, as the streets, windows, stands and roofs everywhere were covered with black, gave the whole scene a somber hue. The grounds of Buckingham palace were filled with civil officials and their families. Pensioners from Chelsea and Greenwich had the sidewalk outside the palace. St. James park was packed with a mourning crowd of 20,000 people, who overran the flower beds, stood on the fences and swarmed in the trees, sitting on the branches and clinging to the limbs during the long and chilly hours of waiting. It was too much to expect the populace to maintain a mourning demeanor, and they fought the policeman, smashed hats and chafed the program vendor, after the custom of a London holiday crowd; but when the bells began tolling the whole people felt the solemnity of the day, and the demeanor of the crowd was one of the most impressive features of the day.

SCENES AT PADDINGTON

Body of Queen is Placed on Train and Taken to Royal Palace of Windsor.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—For an hour before the arrival of the procession Paddington station was the center of striking scenes. There were assembled there, clad in glittering costumes, ambassadors, ministers and representatives of every civilized country on the globe. Mingled with them were the highest officers of the crown. All were in waiting. It was precisely 12:29 p. m. when the guards lining the platform came to a sharp attention and with a solemn alighting, there was a murmur as the work of the building. For half an hour all was hushed, save the occasional clamor of horses' hoofs as the hussars and lancers trotted into view or the rattle of the heavy gun carriages as they lumbered by. Then there was a break in the procession and through the archway came the royal train, followed by the mounted representatives of royalty. A score or more of attendants followed. The king and German emperor alighted. There was a murmur as every horse's head and a hand at every carriage door and as the music of the massed bands echoed throughout the station, the pall was removed from the coffin and the casket was deposited in the saloon carriage, which the

ering voice pronounced the benediction. There was a solemn pause while all heads bowed. A few soba were heard and the choir then broke the oppressive stillness with the sweet harmony of the "Dresden Amen."

Dead Monarch's Title Proclaimed.

Then the loud tones of Norroy King-at-Arms William Henry Weldon, proclaimed the dead monarch's title. The Spohr anthem, "Blessed Are the Departed," followed and the service was concluded by the playing of Beethoven's funeral march, by Sir Walter Parrot, organist. St. George's church and private organist to the late queen.

At 2:15 o'clock Sir Walter Parrott at the organ commenced playing Mendelssohn's march in E minor from the "Songs Without Words." The castle clock struck the half hour and the organ ceased.

Quietly, with no heraldry, the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Winchester and the dean of Windsor walked from the vestry down to the chancel. The nobles rose to their feet and remained standing. Behind the bishops came the choir. The sound of the guns was heard and silence fell on the assemblage. Ten minutes passed and Sir Walter Parrott played softly. The organist, St. George's, was one by one dropped into their seats. The strain was too much and the diplomats followed suit.

The music of the bands playing could be heard, first faintly and then nearer and nearer, until they were in the courtyard of the castle. The funeral march penetrated every corner of the chapel. For fifteen minutes the congregation listened to military bands outside.

"I Am the Resurrection."

At 3:20 p. m. the doors swung open. "I Am the Resurrection" was sung by the choir. Slowly the white-robed boys made their way up the aisle. After the funeral march penetrated every corner of the chapel. For fifteen minutes the congregation listened to military bands outside.

Mr. Choate, in evening dress, entered with the procession and sat at the corner near the master of ceremonies. The choir having passed to the right of the altar the queen and princesses having passed in the queen's carriage, the king and the archbishop of Canterbury came the white robes, then the coffin and then the equestrians, carrying the pall and the regalia. Grenadiers carried the coffin. Walking together came the king, Emperor William and the duke of Connaught. Beside the king were the king of the Belgians, the king of Greece and the king of Portugal and after them came the royal princes, who filled the chancel and aisles and whose suite entered the nave.

"God Save the King."

An impressive feature was the king-of-arms' pronouncement of the titles of the deceased before the coffin. He was followed through the formula, ending up with "God Save the King," delivered so forcefully and dramatically that his hearers started, sunk into a realization of the change of regime which was so suddenly come about. At 4 o'clock service was over. The archbishop of Canterbury bowed his head on the altar and prayed and the kings and princes passed to the left of the altar, leaving the coffin and passing into the castle. By a dazzling array of members of royal families, numbering about forty in all and riding three abreast. So close were they together and so quietly did they pass that individuals, prospective rulers of empires, kingdoms and principalities could not be distinguished.

Next Section of the Procession.

A far from numerous military escort, including a detachment from the queen's German dragoon regiment, composed the last section of the procession.

Funeral Procession.

The funeral procession had passed and the music of the dirges drifted back across St. James park. After the funeral party itself, the dominating figure of the day was Field Marshal Earl Roberts. When his well-known bronzed countenance view the people forgot the solemnity of the occasion and broke into cheers, also shouting "Bobs" and other expressions of familiar approval. The military attaches of all the embassies and legations were with Lord Roberts' staff, in the front rank rode the American attaché, Major Edward B. Cassin, in an infantry officer's full dress. The funeral procession occupied two hours in passing. From Victoria station to Paddington, a distance of three miles, the decorations everywhere were impressive and elaborate. Purple draperies, hung with green and white, predominated. Flags were on most of the buildings.

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Test for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root

To Prove What the World-Famous Discovery, SWAMP-ROOT, Will Do for YOU Every Reader of The Bee May Have a Sample Bottle Free

Reporters Have Convincing Interviews with Prominent People Regarding Wonderful Cures by Swamp-Root



65TH POLICE PRECINCT, GREATER NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1900.

Gentlemen—In justice to you, I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root, you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Had my best physician prescribe for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles bought at my drug store, and I consider myself permanently cured. It seemed as though my back would break in two after standing. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly did three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from any kidney, liver or bladder troubles. My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter) as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain yours very truly, Officers of the 65th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

JAMES COOK, HUGH E. BOYLE, JOHN J. BODKIN.

DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

"You have no idea how well I feel. I am satisfied that I do not need any more medicine, as I am in as good health as I ever was in my life." So says Mrs. Mary Engelhardt, of 835 Madison St., St. Louis, Mo., a reporter of the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

"For more than ten years I had suffered with what the doctors termed female trouble, also heart trouble, with swelling of the feet and limbs. Last summer I felt so badly that I thought I had not long to live. I consulted doctor after doctor and took their medicines but felt no better. The physicians told me my kidneys were not affected, but I felt sure that they were the cause of my trouble. A friend recommended me to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I must say that I derived immense benefits almost from the first week. I continued the medicine, taking it regularly, and I am now in splendid health. The pains and aches have all gone. I have recommended Swamp-Root to all my friends and told them what it has done for me. I will gladly answer any one who desires to write me regarding my case. I most heartily endorse Swamp-Root from every standpoint. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the weak spots and drives them out of the system." MRS. MARY ENGELHARDT.

EDITORIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that an apical arrangement has been made by which all readers of The Bee, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Omaha Sunday Bee when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Advertisement for Dewey & Stone Furniture Co. featuring illustrations of various beds (Brass, Iron) and a list of prices for different models. The text includes 'Doing Things by Halves' and 'Partial list of Brass Beds at half off'.

Dewey & Stone Furniture Co., 1115-17 Farnam Street.

queen had so often occupied during her lifetime. King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the duke of Connaught stood grouped together as the coffin was borne in and then they all took seats and the train started for Windsor. Frenchman's decks. I saw the flag of Spain dropping in honor to our sovereign lady, and then looked aside for the flag that of all flags I thought to see hard up against our own, the star-spangled banner of America, and I saw it not. Has memory so soon outrun her race that they who live beneath that flag can now forget the debts they owe to us? We stood between them and a frowning world but yesterday. Special Services in Chicago. CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—Both the Chicago Stock exchange and the Board of Trade were closed today in respect to the memory of Queen Victoria. On La Salle street and other thoroughfares of the downtown business district many American and British flags, interwoven and draped with the imperial mourning-purple were displayed, with pictures of the dead British sovereign, framed in black. Elaborate memorial services were held this afternoon at St. James church. The services, which were very im-

OLD GLORY WAS NOT THERE

American and Russian Flags Conspicuous by Their Absence at Sea Pageant. LONDON, Feb. 2.—H. H. Hales, the Austrian newspaper correspondent, in the course of a description of the naval pageant in the Daily News, says: "I looked for Russia's flag, and looked in vain. No Russian flag marked the last pathway on the seas which our great queen should take. I saw the flag of France and saw how every mark of courtesy was shown our sweet queen by those who manned the

How to Find Out if You Need Swamp-Root.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

So when your kidneys are weak or out of order you understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick, or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince you of this.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and urges you to get up many times during the night. Causes puffiness of dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles, makes you feel as though you were being pushed, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble; you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize it as the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere.